

Cowboy, Take Me Away

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Summary: Third fic in the "Mush and Trink Series". This one features Jack though! Jack and Chesnie are good friends, but when Jack ask her to be his girl, will the 'class' difference tear their relationship apart?

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>Disclaimer: Characters you don't recognize are mine. Newsies are Disney. The song "Me and You" is Colin Raye's and the song "Cowboy, Take Me Away" is the Dixie Chicks. I think that's it. Have fun readin!!! <br>

>"EXTRY! EXTRY! MAYOR CAUGHT IN BADY TRADING SCANDEL!" Jack Kelly's voice rang out over the crowd on the congested corner. He could hear Davey and Les across the street from him. He thanked a lady for buying one of his papes than turned to his new selling partner. <br>

>"Ya wanna try it again?" he asked, grinning. <br>

>Chesnie glared at him firmly. She actually liked going to hawk the headlines with Jack. He was one of her best friends at the Manhattan Newsboys' Lodging House. She'd been there for about five weeks, ever since she found out her parents were murdered. Charles Vander Poole had been sentenced to life in prison. She joyful when she heard the news, and leaned on the newsies for support - Jack especially. Him and her were sorta, maybe, kinda considered a couple. She liked him and he definitely liked her. Chesnie had tried selling papers, but had failed miserably. Luckily, Jack was patient with her. He liked being with her anyway. Although, it was more like loved being with her. <br>

>Chesnie sighed, frustratedly. She knew she wouldn't be able to sell one if her life depended on it. Jack quirked the corner of his mouth when he saw her expression. <br>

>"Awe, come on, Chesnie! Ya gonna try even if wese have ta stand heah all day' he said, walking up to her and stuck out his hand. She groaned one last time before taking it. Jack lead her to the corner with a pape in hand. "Now, jist shout out da headline I was earlier - remembah, 'bout da flood?" <br>

>"Yes. I remember about the flood that was actually just a man who left the sink on" Chesnie retorted, more than hastily. <br>  
>"Go fer it den." <br>  
>Jack stood back as Chesnie held up the paper in her hand. "Extry! Extry! Brooklyn flooded out! Water damage will cost millions!" She wasn't very enthusiastic about it. But, when a man in a business suit handed her a penny for the pape, she stood there in shock. Jack sauntered back up behind her. <br>  
>"Toldja youse could do it!" he shouted. <br>  
>Chesnie just stared at the penny. Even though she'd seen more money than that in her life, she was most proud of the small round copper object setting between her fingers. <br>  
>Jack waved a hand in front of her face. "Chesnie? Ches, ya in dere?" <br>  
>She finally looked up at him, mouth agape. "I did it. I actually sold a newspaper. I did it!" She leaped into an embrace with Jack which caught him off guard. He pulled her away after a few seconds. <br>  
>"Ise proud a ya, goil." <br>  
>Chesnie swallowed than unclenched the penny from her fingers to give to Jack. "Here. This is yours." <br>  
>He shook his head, refusing it. "Naw. Youse earned it. Youse keep it." <br>  
>"Really?!" <br>  
>He smiled. "Yeah." <br>  
>"Thanks." <br>  
>They saw Davey and Les walking towards them. "Eithah dere done 'er dere hungry." <br>  
>"I know I'm hungry." Chesnie looked up at him. <br>  
>"That's just what we are too" Davey said, as they walked up to them. <br>  
>"Den let's get ta Tibby's. We gotta celebrate Chesnie sellin' 'er first pape." Jack put an arm around Chesnie's shoulder as they walked off to their favorite hang out. <br>  
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><br>After a eating and many congratulations later, Jack and Chesnie were back out on the street selling newspapers. Chesnie was so proud of herself, she wanted to sell on her own. Jack raised an eyebrow, but gave her a few papers to start out with. She yelled to the top of her lungs for over ten minutes until all her papes were gone. Chesnie started walking back towards Jack, a huge smile plastered on her face.  
><br>"Chesnie? Chesnie Thatcher? I haven't seen you in months." Chesnie knew that voice. She turned around to see her old friend, Anya Eyerman. She knew Anya from her high class school in Yonkers. They weren't the best of friends - at least not now.  
><br>"Anya, how are you?" she asked.  
><br>"I'm just fine" Anya replied, grabbing both of Chesnie's hands. "You?"  
><br>"I'm okay. I'm an orphan now."  
><br>"Oh, yes, your parents. I'm sorry. Where are you staying now?"  
  
><br>Chesnie knew she wasn't going to like Anya's reaction. "I live at the Newsboy Lodging House."  
><br>Anya's gleeful expression dropped. "You live at the street trash motel?"  
><br>Chesnie was more than hurt by the remark. "They're not street trash" she murmured.  
><br>"Why are you there?"  
><br>Chesnie explained what had happen a few weeks ago. Anya was more

than surprised. Anya shook her head in disapproval. "I do not think you should stay there with those people."

><br>"But, Anya, they're my friends."

><br>"No, they aren't. You do not belong with newsboys." She said 'newsboys' with disgust in her voice. "You do not deserve to be with them. You are better than them." The words were more than hurtful, but Chesnie listened. "Come live with me and my parents. They'll love having you."

><br>"I'llâ€|think about it."

><br>"Good. I am across town now in Manhattan Heights. I'll be at the convention center tomorrow. All right."

><br>Chesnie nodded. Anya walked away a couple minutes later. Chesnie was more than upset as she approached Jack.

><br>"Heya Ches! Ya sold all ya papes already?" he asked, stepping up to her.

><br>"Yes. Iâ€|I just came to say I'm going back to the lodging house."

><br>Jack looked at her in concern. Something was wrong. He could tell.

><br>"Ches, ya awroight?"

><br>She looked him straight in the eye and lied, "Yes. I'm perfectly fine."

><br>"Awroight. Ya don' want me ta walk ya back. Da streets a New Yawk ain' safe fer a lady like youse."

><br>Lady? He called me a lady? He's always called me 'goil'. Where did 'lady' come from? She thought. "No. I'll be fine."

><br>Jack frowned. "Okay. See ya latah."

><br>Chesnie walked down the streets to the lodging house with Anya's words swirling in her head. Am I really better than them? No, I use to think that. Butâ€|. There was always a 'but' in there and this was the time for Chesnie's. She made it to the lodging house and ran upstairs to the bunk room to cry her eyes out.

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>~\*~ <br>

>Jack met up with Mush and Trinket while headed back to the lodging house. He was worried about Chesnie. Her attitude when she'd left him earlier that day wasn't very pleasant. I don't get. She was so excited 'bout sellin' a pape today. Den she was sorta down when she left me today. <br>

>The three strolled into the lobby. Kloppman made them sign in because he knew they would be gone late that night. Jack made it into the bunk room first. He spotted Chesnie laying on her bed staring at the top bunk. He went up to her bed and sat down. <br>

>"Whatcha doin'?" Chesnie turned to look at him, but didn't answer his question. Jack tried something else. "Wha' wrong, Ches?" <br>

>"Nothing" she replied, lowly. <br>

>"Den why ya sulkin'. I know dere's something wrong when ya sulkin'." <br>

>"Nothing's wrong" she said, a little firmer. "But, ya was jistâ€|" <br>

>He's not gonna give, is he! She thought. "Jack, I'm all right!" <br>

>Chesnie stood up trying to hold back tears. Anya's words had hit her hard. She didn't know what to think about her life now. <br>

>"Okay. I believe ya." Jack stood up as well. "Are ya still goin' ta Medda's wit us tonight. It's jist gonna be you, me, Mush, and Dusti, y'know. Nona da othah guys." <br>

>"Yeah, I know." Chesnie wiped a falling tear and composed herself to

look at Jack. "I'm going to go." <br>

><br>~\*~

><br>Chesnie arised from her bed. It was almost time to be going to Irving Hall - just the four of them. She didn't feel like going, but they'd planed this for a whole week. She looked up when she heard footsteps enter the bunk room.

><br>"Heya Chesnie" Trinket greeted, a little too gun-ho. Ever since she'd accepted Mush's proposal, Trinket had never once been seen without a smile.

><br>"Hi Dusti." Chesnie slipped on her burnt red skirt.

><br>"Ya ready for tonight?"

><br>"Umâ€|I don't see what's so special about tonight. We're just going to Irving Hall - the same place we always go. What's so special about that?!"

><br>Trinket sat down on Chesnie's bed - knowing what this night really was for, but she promised Jack not to let his secret get around the Chesnie. "It's justâ€|." she stalled. "â€|we'll be alone tonight. Y'know, just the four of us. None of the other guys going nuts ever time Medda comes on stage." Trinket stocked over to her bunk, grabbing her one dress.

><br>"That's another thing." Chesnie raised an eyebrow. "What do the boys see inâ€|.her?" She dragged out 'her' with confusion.

><br>Trinket laughed. "And you don't know" she said, leaving Chesnie for the washroom.

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>~\*~ <br>

>After a while, the four newsies strolled casually and rather slowly to Medda's - Mush and Trinket with their hands laced together and Jack's arm around Chesnie's waist. She did mind his arm their. It wouldn't be the first time he'd done. They made it to Irving Hall and took a table in the back. A few comedy skits came in and out; Medda sang a few times before Jack pulled Chesnie away from the crowded audience. He lead her up the stairs to the roof. It was a beautiful night with hundreds of stars gleaming down at them and the moon was brighter than ever. <br>

>The two stayed quiet for a few minutes. Jack was comprehending just the right words to say to Chesnie. She meant a lot to him. He didn't want to screw this night up. When he decided on the right words, he grasped Chesnie's hand. She stared up at him wondering what he was fixing to do. <br>

>"Chesnie?" he finally broke the silence. <br>

>"Yes" she said. <br>

>"I know wese only known each othah fer jist 'bout two months, but I know dat I care fer ya more den anyone I evah known. Will ya be me goil?" <br>

>Chesnie swallowed. Her heart almost skipped a beat. She didn't know what to say. Before she realized it, Jack had bent down and kissed her. He pulled away a minute later to only see a daunted frown on her face. He also frowned when he saw her like this. <br>

>"Wha's wrong? Ches, ya got something on ya mind? I know ya do" he asked, cupping her cheek in his hand. She pulled away from him slowly and turned, ready to cry. Anya's words had hit her again. She knew what she had to do. <br>

>"I can't be your girl, Jack." <br>

>Jack became confused. "Wha'?" <br>

>She turned back toward him. "I can't be your girl. It's not right." <br>

>"Wha'da mean 'not roight'? I want ta be wit ya, Ches. No one else. I think I love ya." His eyes her dazed and pleading all at the same

time. She couldn't look at him anymore, her eyes devered to the moon in the night sky. But, the word 'love' had stuck her like a ton of bricks though. <br>

>"We can't be together." <br>

>"Why?!" This time Jack's voice was more harsh than pleading. <br>

>"Because!" Chesnie shouted back, not holding in tears. "We're from two different worlds! We don't belong together. You are from the other side of the tracks. I was bound to be with someone of my status." Those words were like a stab in the back for Jack Kelly. <br>

>Both hearts were hurting out loud, but nothing was being said. Jack looked Chesnie up and down. Her face was tear streaked and her eyes, from what he could see, were red. He finally said something that would stick like sap to pine bark in Chesnie's head. <br>

>"I laugh, I love, I hope, I try, I hurt, I need, I fear, I cry. And, I know ya do da same things too. So, we're really not dat different. Me an' you." His eyes pierced hers as his words pieced her heart. <br>

>More tears fell. "I can't" she murmured. "I'm sorry." <br>

>Chesnie walked off leaving Jack behind. <br>

>The next morning, Chesnie was packed and gone to Anya's house across town in the 'rich' section of Manhattan. She didn't say good-bye to anyone just Kloppman who was getting up as she was leaving out. Jack stayed out on the fire escape all night, and was the first to see that she had packed up her belongings and left. He sat on her bed - head in hands - feeling more depressed than he ever had. <br>

>Trinket walked over and sat down next to Jack when she noticed he was there. "Jack, what happen with you and Chesnie? You two disappeared after ya went on the roof." <br>

>"Ya look like the cat swallowed ya and spit ya back out, Cowboy" Racetrack remarked, strolling pass them. <br>

>Trinket shot him a deadly glare as Mush joined them. <br>

>"Did something go wrong, Jack? 'Cause Chesnie is not heah." <br>

>Now, Jack glared at Mush. "Of coise, something went wrong. Can' ya tell! She ain' heah now, is she?!" <br>

>Mush felt like sinking down into the floor. Trinket thought for a moment whether she should ask what happen between him and Chesnie. She didn't want her head to get bitten off like her fiancÃe's. She stood up, grabbed Mush's hand, and walked off to the washroom. <br>

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><br>Chesnie walked to the community of Manhattan Heights with luggage in hand. She felt like burst into tears at anytime. Thinking about all that she left behind, Chesnie didn't know if she was doing the right thing or not. I was born to blue blood statis. I shouldn't be with a bunch of newsies. She smiled slightly. But I love them all. I found out that they were real people with real lives. They were all so wonderful about my situation. Especially Jack. She frowned again. He said he loved me. I wish I knew what I was doing. I'm so confused. Chesnie walked up the stairs of the Eyerman house. She took a deep breath and knocked on the large door. A maid answered it.

><br>"Yes" she said.

><br>"Is Anya here?" Chesnie asked nervously.

><br>"Chesnie! Come in!" Anya shouted, running into the parlor.

"Liza, take her bags up stairs."

><br>"Yes, ma'am." Liza took Chesnie's luggage from her and went up the gigantic staircase.

><br>"We're going to have the greatest time." Anya dragged Chesnie off to give her a tour of the mansion.

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>~\*~ <br>

>A week had passed and Jack was still sulking over Chesnie. No one blamed him. He had fallen for her hard, now his heart was broken. He mostly sold alone and stayed on the roof of the lodging house. He didn't want anyone to talk to him. Trinket was getting a little more than worried when he refused to talk to her. She got everyone together at Tibbys for a 'meeting'. <br>

>"Okay, guys, Jack is really, really depressed. He won't even talk to me. Anyone have any suggestions on what to do?" she asked. <br>

>Everyone was quiet for minutes. <br>

>"What if we go soak Chesnie?" Pie Eater said. <br>

>Trinket rolled her eyes and Snoddy slapped his best friend on the back of the head. <br>

>"Guys! We need better solutions than that!" Trinket glared at Pie hard. <br>

>"Maybe Davey could get tawk ta 'im" Racetrack spoke up. <br>

>"Yeah. If anyone can talk ta Jack, it's Davey" Mush said. <br>

>"Well, someone needs to go get Davey and bring him to the lodging house." Ever since Davey had gotten that job at the New York Sun, the newsies didn't see him as much. They were all kind of hesitate about going to his apartment. <br>

>"I'll go" Racetrack said, after a long silence. "Anyone wanna come wit me?" <br>

>Trinket stood up. "I'll go with you." <br>

>With that, Race and Trinket left Tibbys headed for the Jacobs' apartment. A question was in Trinket's head that she wanted to ask in Tibbys, but thought it might be wrong. <br>

>"Why is everyone so afraid of going to Davey's apartment?" <br>

>Race peered at her, confused. "Wha'?" <br>

>"No one volunteered to go over there except you after a while." <br>

>"Ohâ€|" Race lit on of his cigars. "I'm not dat sure myself." <br>

>"Does it have to do with Davey's sister? I mean I heard that her and Jack had a thing for a little while but it didn't work." <br>

>"Yeah, dey were together fer 'bout a month." <br>

>"I noticed that Dave has no grudge with it, so, why is everyone else?" <br>

>Race shrugged his shoulders. "Beats me." <br>

>They came upon the apartment building and climbed up to the Jacobs' apartment. Race knocked, and after a few minutes of waiting, a brown haired girl answered the door. <br>

>"Hi Racetrack. Hiâ€|" she paused not knowing who the girl next to him was. "Are you Race's new girlfriend?" she asked, sounding a little dazed. <br>

>Trinket laughed as well as Race. "No, she's not." <br>

>"Heya, I'm Dusti. Mush's fiancÃ©e" Trinket replied, smugly, making sure Sarah noticed her engagement ring. <br>

>"Nice to meet you. Come in. What do you need?" <br>

>Race and Trinket strolled in as Sarah closed the door. <br>

>"We need to talk to David" Racetrack answered. <br>  
>"He'll be home in a few minutes. He's been working so hard at the Sun as an assistant to Denton. Why? What's going on?" <br>

>"Uhâ€|Jack has kinda gone into a slump. We need Davey to talk him out of it 'cause he won't talk to anyone else." <br>  
>"Oh, maybe I can talk to him. What has put him in this 'slump'?" Race and Trinket exchanged glances, asking each other through their looks - should we tell her? Race decided it would be all right. <br>

>"He asked dis goil, who's been stayin' at da lodgin' house fer a while, ta be 'is goil, but she turned 'im down. Now, he's jist a bump on a log." <br>

>Sarah acted like she was happy in a concerned way. "That's too bad. Say, why don't you just let me talk to him? I could probably get to him." <br>

>Trinket glanced over at Race. He was contemplating it. She was about to say something when he did. <br>

>"I guess ya could. Wese pretty desperate roight now." <br>

><br>~\*~

><br>The twosome lead Sarah to the lodging house. Jack was on top of the roof when they arrived. Sarah climbed up to the roof. Jack seemed like he was in his own world - staring out into the city, blankly. She sat down next to him with Jack not even turning to look at her.

><br>"Whatcha want?" he asked, still looking out at the city.

><br>"Umâ€|Race and Dusti came to the apartment to get David to come talk to you, but he hadn't gotten off work yet. So, here I am."

><br>Jack snorted. "I don' wanna talk. Not roight now. Not ta anyone." He said it so coldly.

><br>Sarah swallowed. "Jack, you need to talk to someone about this girl whoâ€|"

><br>"Dang it, Sarah!" He stood up furious, walking away from her then turning her direction again. "She wasn' jist a goil! She was Chesnie Thatcher. The goil I love."

><br>"What about me, Jack Kelly?!" Now, Sarah was getting angry with him. She stood up herself feeling like slapping him. "You never had feelings like that for me?!"

><br>Jack looked her straight in the eye. She was more angry than he was now. The fury roared in her eyes.

><br>"It's not the same."

><br>"Not the same? What is so different about this girl and me?!"

><br>"You know what happen! This is what happen!" He throw his arms out into a direct gesture. They knew their relationship wouldn't of worked. After they spent more time together, they found out all they did was fight.

><br>Sarah's eyes fell to the floor of the roof. She bite her lip, and sighed. "We're doing it again, aren't we?"

><br>Jack relaxed his shouldered, and looked down too. "Yeah. Dis is us. Me an' Chesâ€|I don' know. We're jist roight. It's different wit 'er."

><br>"You really love her." She made it more of a statement than a question. Jack nodded. "Then go after her."

><br>"I can'. She probably won' give me a second look now."

><br>"Then she doesn't deserve you. Think about that before you go

around making other people's lives miserable, Jack!" With that, Sarah stormed off the roof leaving Jack speechless.

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>~\*~ <br>

>Mush and Trinket strolled casually through the 'rich' section of Manhattan. It was Saturday. The only day they didn't sell the evening edition of the paper. They walked proudly on the sidewalk - Trinket's arm wrapped around her fianc e's arm - acting like they were rich themselves. <br>

>"Oh, my dear Shawn, I do think we should sell the beach house in Cape Cod and move here to this lovely neighbor" Trinket said in her snobby sounding voice. <br>

>Mush played right along with her in his best non-slang voice. "I do think we should, Dusti Rose. You always have the best ideas." Trinket giggled as well as Mush at their little 'act' they were putting on. <br>

>"What about that one?" Trink pointed to a gigantic brick mansion across the street to the left of them. <br>

>"Ya really want dat one?" he asked. Trinket nodded enthusiastically. "Den dat's da house you'll get. I promise it." <br>

>Trinket laughed. "Isn't it fun to play like we can have stuff that we really can't?" <br>

>"Yeah, but I mean it, I wanna get ya dat house." <br>

>"Mush, you know we'll never be able to afford a - mansion!" <br>

>"Maybe one day." They stopped their strode. He looked her straight in the face and smiled. Trinket cocked her head and gave him a crook grin. She looked away after a moment, but Mush keep his eyes on her. <br>

>"Would ya stop that!" <br>

>"What?" <br>

>"Staring! You're staring at me - again." <br>

>"Can' I stare at da most beautiful sight in da woild?" He acted so taken aback. <br>

>Trinket rolled her eyes. "You're hopeless." <br>

>"I hope I'll always have ya ta be hopeless wit me." <br>

>With a slight snicker, Trinket kissed him straight on the lips then broke away after a minute - or two. "Of course, I'll be hopeless with you. All the way to the end of time." <br>

>"Good! 'Cause ya stuck wit me anyway." <br>

>"Oh, I'm so lucky!" Trinket remarked, sarcastically. Her lips met with his again for an even longer time. They didn't notice someone sweeping right next to them. An older man, about Kloppman's age, cleared his throat, but they didn't break. He cleared his throat a little louder. Finally, Mush and Trink turned to look at him. <br>

>"Y'know kids, if ya stay in this neighborhood long enough, someone might call the police on ya." <br>

>"We're not gonna be here for very long, sir" Trinket told him, slipping a bite out of Mush's embrace. <br>

>"Yeah. Wese jist e|.passin' through." Mush said, with a shrug. <br>

>"Okay. Just didn't want such a fine looking couple split apart." <br>

>"We're leaving. Don't worry." <br>

>Mush and Trinket turned, waving goodbye to the older man. They walked a few feet before Trinket notice something. <br>

>"Isn't that Chesnie?" she asked, pointing to a girl slowly walking through the large yard of another huge mansion. <br>

>"Yeah. Dat's her" Mush replied, looking at the girl carefully. <br>



>"So, this is where she went. C'mon, we're gonna have a talk with her." Trinket grabbed Mush's hand, and walked up to the edge of the yard where Chesnie was in. "Chesnie!" She called. <br>  
>Chesnie turned, startled, then smiled at who see saw. "Dusti. Mush. Hi!" She met them half way through the grass. "What are you two doing here in this part of town?" <br>  
>"Just poking around" Trinket replied. <br>  
>"Yeah, an' dreamin' too" Mush added. <br>  
>"Oh." Chesnie bobbed her head. She was so happy to see her friends, but just didn't know how to express it. A long paused came between the three. <br>  
>"Listen, Ches, we need to talk to you." <br>  
>She looked at Trink, confused. "Okay. We can walk in the garden." The threesome went to the beautiful garden in the back of the Eyerman mansion, and strolled casually. Chesnie was extremely quiet. Trinket didn't know how to start. She peered over at Mush. He simply shrugged his shoulders again, which received a frustrated glare from Trink. <br>  
>"Umâ€|Chesnieâ€|we need to know why ya left the lodging house" Trinket said, a little timidly. <br>  
>Chesnie stared up a head of them, avoiding any eye contact with her friends. They knew her too well to know she was lying. <br>  
>"I had to leave. I'm not suppose to be there." <br>  
>"Where do you think you're suppose to be? Here in snobville!" Trinket wasn't prone to outburst, but she was getting ticked off at Chesnie's attitude of being stuck up. Mush turned to look at Trink in surprised at what she said. <br>  
>"Iâ€|I just had to get away." <br>  
>"From what?" There was another short pause. "From Jack?" <br>  
  
>Chesnie was about to burst into tears. From her best friend yelling at her, and the mention of Jack. <br>  
>"He loves you, Ches. Can't you see that? I've never seen him so depressed in the year I've been at the lodging house." <br>  
>"Yeah. I nevah seen 'im dis gone ovah a goil in da long time Ise known 'im" Mush added. <br>  
>"See?" Trinket looked at her with pleading eyes. Chesnie glanced at her friends. They wore pure concern on their faces - for Jack and her. "Will ya at least think about coming back to the lodging house? Please." <br>  
>Chesnie shook her head without saying a word. <br>  
>"Okay, you know where to find us." Trinket placed a comforting hand on Chesnie's shoulder. "Don't be a stranger. We lova ya, Ches. Jack does more than anything. Come back." <br>  
>Chesnie nodded. "I'll think about it." <br>  
>"Good. We have to go, but, maybe we'll see ya later. It's up to you. Bye, Ches." Trinket took Mush's hand. <br>  
>"Bye, Chesnie" Mush said, sadly, as they walked away. <br>  
>After they were gone, Chesnie walked endlessly through the winding garden in deep thought. She wanted more than anything to go back to the lodging house. To see her friends. To see Jack Kelly. She missed all of them dearly. Jack loves me. That can't be true, butâ€| His words came back to her - I laugh, I love, I hope, I try, I hurt, I need, I fear, I cry. And, I know ya do the same things too. So, we're really not that different. Me and you. Chesnie could feel the warmth of her tears fall. She knew what she had to do. <br>  
><br>~\*~  
><br>Jack had thought long and hard about Sarah's words. She was right. He shouldn't make other people's lives miserable because he

was miserable himself. He finally disattached himself from the lodging house roof, and went to Tibbys. Everyone was in complete shock to see him there. He cracked a weak smile and sat down at his usual table. Trinket and Racetrack exchanged knowing glances.

"Feeling better, Jack?" Trinket asked.

><br>"Yeah" he replied, faintly.

><br>"Ya not gonna do dat ta us again, are ya?" Race asked, after.

><br>Jack shook his head 'no'. He wasn't up for talking much yet. He just sat there listening to everyone else talk. He realized his friends talked about the strangest things. He keep glancing over at Mush and Trink. They were so happy together. He wished he could have the same with Chesnie. Chesnieâ€|there he went again thinking of her. Jack cleared his mind. He tried to get every thought of Chesâ€|uh, a certain someone out his head. He finished off his roast beef sandwich, and bid bye to everyone. As he was walking out, he ran into a familiar face.

><br>"Sarah."

><br>"Hi Jack. I just came here to grab a bite to eat."

><br>"Oh, okay."

><br>They stood there for a moment in awkwardness, but Jack relived them of it.

><br>"Sarah, uh, I wanna thank ya fer sayin' whatcha said da othah day. I really got ta thinkin' 'bout it an' I can' make othah people's lives miserable when mine is."

><br>"That's good to hear, Cowboy. Friends?" She stuck out her hand.

><br>Jack smiled. "Friends." The hand shake turned into an innocent hug - nothing more. They broke apart and went their separate ways.

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>"I need to do this. I need to go there" Chesnie told herself as she walked through Manhattan. She was heading to one certain place where she knew Jack Kelly would be. Chesnie rounded a corner near Tibbys when a sight made her all the sudden stop dead in her track. She saw Jack with a girl she didn't know. They were talking like old friends. She stood there, still as can be, watching them. Her tempter and emotions were on the verge of erupting like a volcano. When Jack and this 'unknown' girl hugged, Chesnie's eyes flooding and she ran off hurting. So, that's how you deal with pain, Jack? She thought, cynically. Well, you're not going to get any sympathy from me. Goodbye, Jack Kelly! Chesnie wiped a tear from her cheek, and started for her new home. <br>

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><br>Chesnie wiped a tear from her cheek as the bumpy road threw the carriage up and down. Anya was sitting across from her staring out the small window. They were headed to the library. Usually they would just go to the library in the Eyerman mansion, but Anya suggested that Chesnie needed to get out. She'd been depressed the entire week after seeing Jack with that 'girl'. Anya didn't know what to do or what to say. She couldn't understand why her friend was so caught up over a plain street rat. It was very confusing for her royal mind.

><br>"Chesnie, honey, ya need to look at other things. You need to get away from the thought of that 'boy'" Anya tried to let out comforting words, but it didn't work. Chesnie peered over at her friend. She wasn't in the mood to hear.

><br>"Anya" she started. "Please, I don't need your pity which isn't helping anyway."

><br>Anya cocked her head than pouted. This Chesnie that knew wasn't the same Chesnie she had known before the street trash had gotten to her. The old Chesnie would of made fun of the lower class people. It wasn't like her. They must of brainwashed her. She thought.

><br>It was silent in the small carriage for a while till they heard screaming. The driver was now shouting. They couldn't make out what he was saying. But, a moment later, the horse was in distress. They heard screaming than the carriage stopped. Anya and Chesnie looked at each other confused. Chesnie jumped out the carriage as fast she could, but Anya stayed there. Chesnie shrieked at the sight that laid before her. She run up to body that set still on the gravel.

><br>"Jackâ€¦!..Jack! Please be all right" she whimpered, over him.

><br>Jack stirred, and tried to get up - but fell on the ground.

><br>"Stay still. I'll get help." Chesnie turned to the driver of the coach. "Mr. Henry, can you please come help me? This is a friend of mine and he needs help."

><br>"Sorry, Miss Thatcher. I can't do that." The driver shook his head.

><br>Chesnie was about to reply to his comment when Jack tried to get up again. "Jack, let me help you." She put an arm around him, and walked off - throwing "Mr. Henry" a dirty look over her shoulder.

><br>They walked for a while without saying a word. Chesnie's arm was firmly around Jack waist trying to keep him sturdy.

><br>"You know where we're going?" she finally asked.

><br>"Huh? Iâ€¦!" He held his head. "I think Davey's apartment is up a head."

><br>Chesnie took that answer, and they made it to the Jacob's apartment. She didn't know why they were going there, but Jack wasn't in the state of arguing at the moment. The door opened to reveal that same girl who had she had caught Jack in an embrace a week before. Ches immediately became mad, or more like it, hurt.

><br>"Oh my goodness, what happen?" Sarah asked, in shock.

><br>"He was hit by a carriage. Can you help him, please?" Chesnie couldn't believe that she was begging to this girl.

><br>"Of course, come in." Sarah grabbed the other side of Jack, and lead him to Les's bed (which was right by the door). "How in the world did you get hit by a carriage, Jack Kelly?"

><br>"Sarah, Ise notâ€¦!" He had trouble with his words.

><br>"I'm sorry, but he's not in the right stages of talking at the moment. Please, do what you have to do." Chesnie sounded commanding, but Sarah took in every word she said. She started to examine him. After a few minutes of impatiently waiting, Chesnie saw Sarah was done.

><br>"What is wrong with him?"

><br>"I think he might have a mild concussion, because he has a lump on the back of his head."

><br>Chesnie gasped. "Oh, dear."

><br>"No, no. that's good."

><br>"Are you sure?"

><br>"Yes, I know this stuff. My mother was a doctor." Sarah walked off to the kitchen with Chesnie following her. They didn't speak to one another for minutes. Chesnie taking in all of Sarah's action, wondering why Jack would choose her.

><br>"What's wrong?" Sarah asked, becoming frustrated with Chesnie

staring.

><br>"Nothing. I was justâ€¦thinking."

><br>"You're Chesnie Thatcher aren't you?"

><br>Ches gave her a confused expression. "Yes. How do you know?"

><br>"Because you're the girl Jack was falling all over himself for. Do you know how depressed he was? Do you know that he was making other people miserable? And, do you know that he loves you more than anything?"

><br>Chesnie was even more confused after that statement 'er question.

><br>"What are you talking about?"

><br>"I'm saying he loves you and doesn't want anyone but you. He made that very clear to me."

><br>Chesnie was about to cry. She didn't know what to say, do, or think. She walked over to the bed Jack was laying on and sat down next to him. He was awake, but didn't hear much of the conversation that the two girls were having. Chesnie stroked his hair. "I'm so sorry, Jack. I didn't know what I was doing." Chesnie closed her eyes as tears started to fall.

><br>She felt a hand touch her cheek gently. "Don' cry, Ches. I hate when ya do dat. Makes me sad too."

><br>Chesnie's eyes flow open to see Jack trying his best to smile at her. "Jackâ€¦" she murmured, weakly.

><br>"Am I dreamin'? 'Cause I didn' think I'd evah see ya again."

><br>She gulped back a sob. "No. You're not dreaming. I'm really here...to stay."

><br>"Dat's all I need." Jack's voice sounded more up beat than a second ago. "I don' wanna evah lose ya again, Ches."

><br>"I don't want to lose you either, Jack." She paused, while Jack wiped a tear from her cheek. "I have something very important to tell you."

><br>"Go head. Ise not goin' anywhere."

><br>Chesnie sighed, and looked him straight in the eye. "I laugh, I love, I hope, I try, I hurt, I need, I fear, I cry. And, I know ya do the same things too. So, now I know we're really not that different. Me and you." By now, even Jack had a tear coming from his eye. "I love you, Jack Kelly. I want to be with you forever. Cowboy, take me away."

><br>Jack raised himself up to Chesnie sitting position, and kissed her lovingly.

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>Everyone in Tibbys, well at least the newsboys, turned to watch Jack and Chesnie walk through the door. Jack's concussion didn't last long. Davey joked saying Jack was all right, because he had a hard head. Chesnie agreed, but Jack said it was because of his love for Chesnie that made him better. The couple, locked in a tight embrace, sat down with the other famous couple in Manhattan. <br>

>"Chesnie!" Trinket yelled, in joy. She reached across the table and hugged her friend. "You're back!" <br>

>"And, I'm never going anywhere." She glanced at Jack. "Not as long as my Cowboy is around." <br>

>Trinket awed as Mush put an arm around her, saying a comment like that in her ear for no one to hear. <br>

>"What happen to get you two back together?" Mush asked, waiting a moment. <br>

>Jack shrugged. "We jist had ta collide wit each othah an'â€¦" <br>

>Chesnie cut him off. "And, find out how much I lost until I thought  
I'd lose it for real." <br>  
>Mush and Trinket stared at them, dazed. Jack noticed. "We'll explain  
latah. Roight now, Ise ready ta enjoy da resta me life wit dis  
beautiful goil." <br>  
>"I know want to do the same with you." <br>

End  
file.